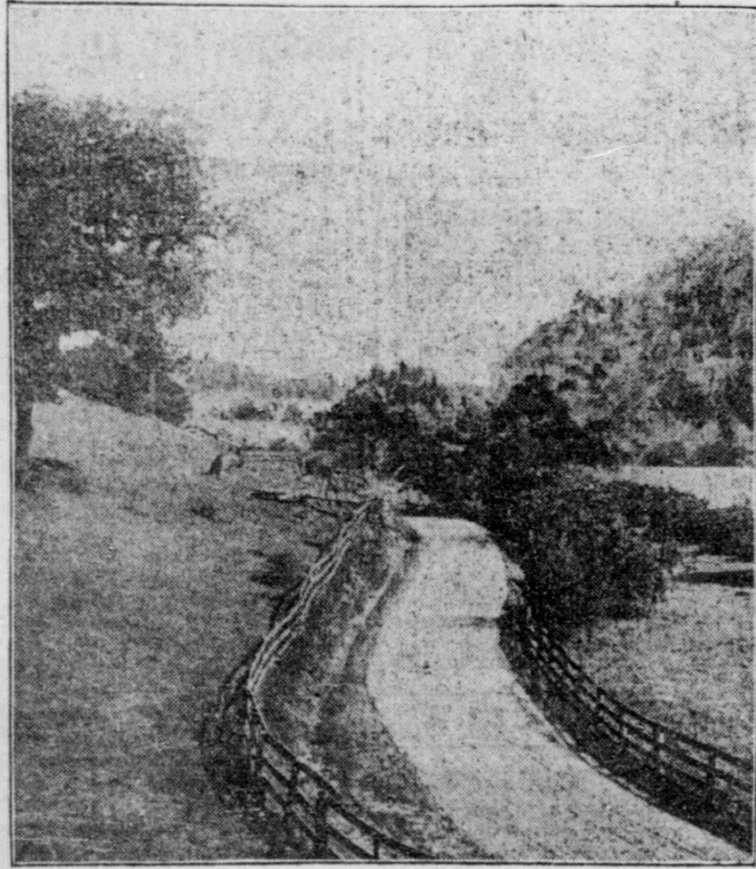


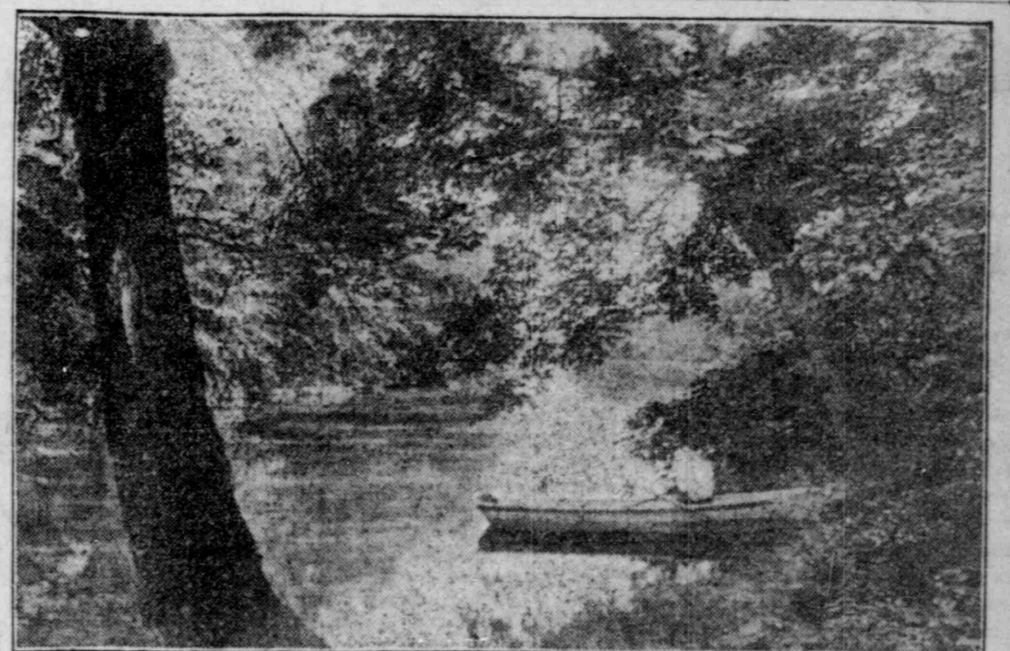
PRIZE WINNERS IN THE TIMES FINAL CAMERA CONTEST



First Prize—"A Country Road"—J. A. D. Garber.



Second Prize—"The Old Willows"—Thomas Burnett Gardner.



Third Prize—"Near Red Banks"—Lewis M. Thayer.

THE closing competition of the series of photographic contests inaugurated by The Times is marked by an unusually good showing in the class receiving the award of prizes and honorable mention. The work submitted this week is notable for the absence of that large number of pictures from the canal and the Zoo, and it is safe to say that if this series of competitions should be extended for a few more weeks it would result in bringing together a collection of work which would surpass in selection the work sent in during the first weeks of the contests.

First Prize Winner.

"A Country Road," by J. A. D. Garber has been selected as the picture entitled to the first prize. Here we find an illustration of that principle of simple composition which has been often urged as so necessary in the making of photographs possessing pictorial strength. The spaces in this picture are very few. The work contains no remarkable features; it is but a simple landscape study so simply arranged, so lacking in an attempt to play upon the spectacular idea of picture-making, that it charms by its modesty. One suggestion: there is too much sky, and the sky should be slightly tinted.

The Second Prize.

Thomas Burnett Gardner secures the second prize for his picture, "The Old Willows." In this composition there is one very good suggestion of arrangement. It will be noticed that the line of willow trees does not appear to be in a parallel line with the base line of the picture, and while the difference between the angle of the line at the right, and the left side of the picture is not as great as would have been found in this same subject treated by a painter, the advantage in this arrangement will be at once noted by comparing this picture with one in which a line of trees is so placed as to make a horizontal line parallel with the base line of the picture.

"Near the Red Banks."

To Lewis M. Thayer belongs the distinction of having discovered the Eastern Branch of the Potomac. His picture, "Near the Red Banks," which has received the third prize, is one of those delightful studies so full of the charm of nature that we feel as though rules of composition and of light and shade can be safely abandoned in instances where the beauty is so great that the picture at once becomes entitled to be classed in a place of its own. While a trifle longer exposure may have resulted in the production of a better negative and toned down the high light of the water, the

picture in its present condition is a great success, and demonstrates the beauty of a hitherto unpictured section of the district.

"On the Conduit Road," by Sidney I. Besselièvre, is one of the two pictures receiving honorable mention. The picture is well arranged, and is exceedingly pleasant and attractive, but these features could be greatly enhanced by a slight diffusion of focus which would give a sensation of atmosphere, and further improved by a slight tinting of the sky. The second and last honorable mention has been awarded to a landscape study by Lucien G. Sumdells. This picture is strong in its contrast of light and shade, and has been either underprinted or the negative was developed too long. By the foliage we see that there is snow or frost on the grass. This fault could be overcome by printing this negative in two sections, giving the denser portions the longer exposure to the light, or the defect can be cured by a reduction of the negative with per-sulphate of ammonia.

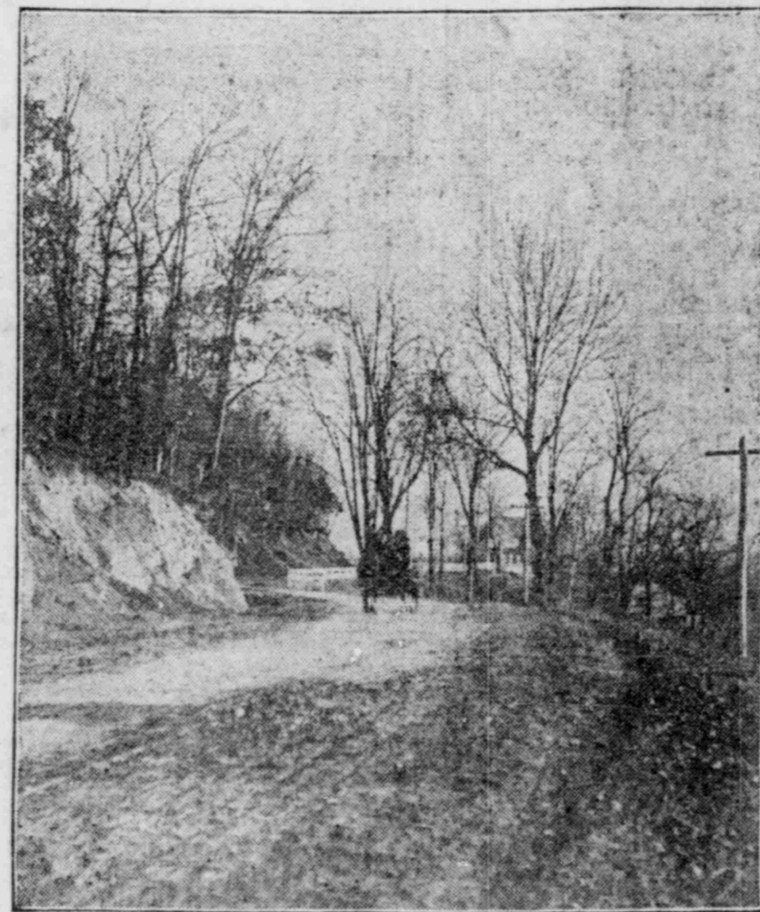
A Small Boy and a Broom.

B. R. Winslow, whose work has been referred to in a former issue, is in this competition represented by one very excellent picture entitled "A Small Boy and a Big Broom." While this attempt at genre work is very successful from the art side of the work, the small size of the picture, and the delicate manner in which it has been treated, render it impossible to reproduce it with any degree of success. The picture shows a tiny child attempting the use of one of the large splint brooms, such as are used on the public streets. The action is excellent. The child seems at work and in earnest. The lines of the composition are simple and unobtrusive, and the lighting all that could be wished. There is the making of a fine exhibition picture possible from this small negative, which is worth enlarging and working over, using this as a sketch to be worked up in leisure time.

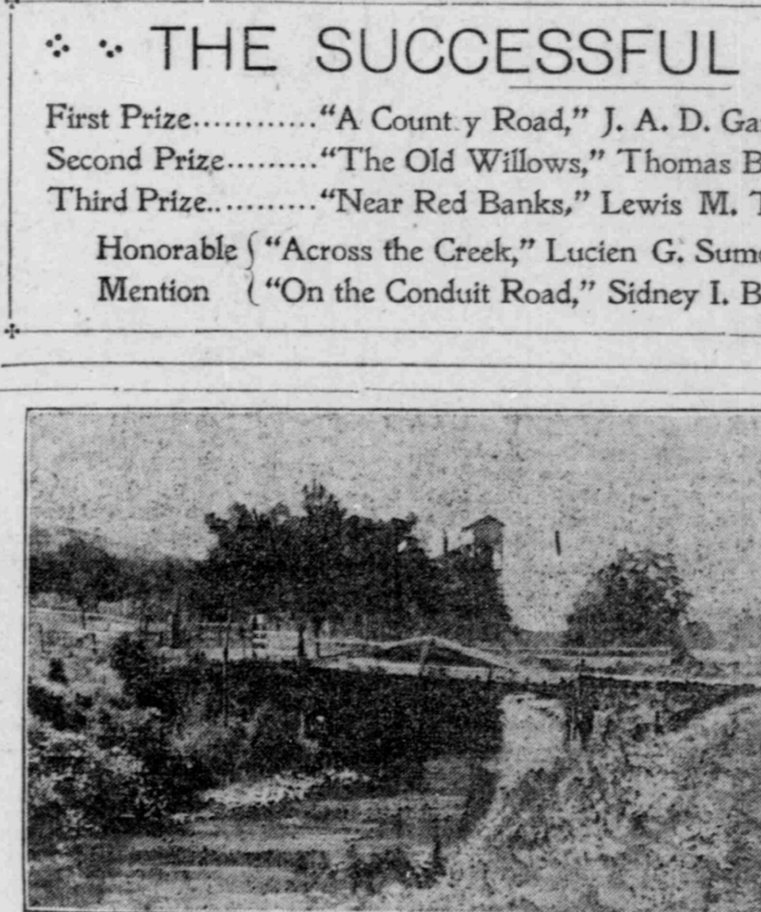
Nature's Shadows.

A somewhat spectacular evening effect is submitted by Joseph Abel under the title "Nature's Shadows Are Ever Varying." It is a picture of water and sky, handled in such a manner that it is only from the location of the title that one is able to judge which is water and which is sky, so faithfully has the effect of the clouds been reproduced in the water. In this there is evidence of faulty selection. All clouds are not pictorial in their quality, and while these clouds may contain the realism of nature faithfully copied, the alternating patches of white and black repeated over and over again in the foreground of water and the distance of the sky, show an arrangement that violates the rules of composition that are applied to the spotting of a picture, or the arrangement of the lights and shadows.

"On the Canal," by J. S. Mills, is a



Honorable Mention—"On the Conduit Road"—Sidney I. Besselièvre.



Honorable Mention—"Across the Creek"—Lucien G. Sumdells.

picture which is marked by success in some directions, and by failures in other directions. The time of exposure seems to have been nearly if not quite correct. The point of view was well chosen, but the attempt to show a string of mules with the driver and the canal boat to which they are attached is an undertaking which is rarely, if ever, successfully accomplished, as the comparative size of the mules and the boat is such that the boat seems but a tiny speck, and the short-focus lens used is wholly unsuited for this class of work.

"South Front of the State, War, and Navy Department" is the title of the contribution of Miss Myrtle Bradley. The picture has more in it to commend than a large number of photographs which have been made of this building, but the fault of making the building too large for the size of the picture is apparent in this as in other examples of the same subject. Architectural subjects should never be crowded into a space that leaves nothing but the building in the picture. It is far better to make the picture from a great distance and show some of the surroundings of the building than to create the impression that the building is the only thing of importance to be found in the vicinity.

"Bush's Mills."

Another rather unfortunate architectural subject submitted in this same contest is a picture entitled "Bush's Mill, Near Bristol," by George Melling. In an examination of this picture one is apt to conclude that the mill has been built against the side of a hill which rises like a huge wall at the background of the view. A subject of this

kind should stand out in relief, and there should exist the sensation upon examination that there is room enough to go around the mill without climbing the high hill. A lens stopped down to a small aperture will often give a feeling of collapsed perspective, and such errors often come from the selection of a time of day when the building is flattened by the position of the sun.

U. B. Waldecker, in his picture, "Ruins of the Old Homestead," has narrowly missed the making of a very artistic landscape. The old side hill, with the interesting trees on the summit, forms a pleasing arrangement which is somewhat marred by the fact that there is no one thing in all of the view included that is in keeping with this quiet stretch of upland. The ruins are wholly inadequate to carry the interest of the picture and should have been made a more important feature. Exposure, development, and printing are well handled, and the photograph, though small, has much to commend it.

"Cat-tails," by B. R. Winslow, is hardly in keeping with the other good work which he has sent to these competitions. A lack of seriousness in the selection of a bunch of kittens posed in a chair and photographed at a time when the action was awkward rather than graceful, is a fault which detracts from the high average of the work submitted at other times by this amateur.

Mr. Sumdells' Contributions.

Three landscape studies were submitted without titles by Lucien G. Sumdells. In all of this work there was evidence of a fair knowledge of the technical

side of photography, coupled with but little of that disposition to recognize the ever-pervading beauty of nature, and to select from the profusion of pretty landscapes in this vicinity something really beautiful.

Success in photography can never be obtained by chance. Snap the shutter day after day in a heedless manner, and perchance something may be accidental but that is worthy of the name of a picture. This accidental picture-making is far from satisfactory, and the person who observes and closely studies nature and accepts photography as something more than an amusement is far better equipped than the person who rushes about with the best obtainable lens and camera and trusts to the expensive outfit to take the place of serious thought and careful work.

"A Cozy Corner."

There have been but few examples of interiors submitted in this series of contests. "A Cozy Corner," by Arthur F. Albert, is an example of an interior which suffers from a lack of contrast. This class of studies as a whole is purely statistical; a carefully prepared schedule of the personal effects of the owner of the room. Such pictures are of the greatest value to the occupant or the owner. In this instance, as has been stated, the print lacks contrast or vigor, and would be commonly classed as poor, technically, aside from its lack of general or popular interest.

A very high note in out-of-door portraiture has been reached by U. B. Waldecker. Outside of the distracting background, there is but little in this picture but what is worthy of high commendation.

The background must be in harmony with the portrait, and should not be formed by the side of a house; and this is especially true when the house presents a strong array of horizontal lines, dividing the upper part of the picture into a series of horizontal spaces.

E. C. Kunz submitted three pictures, which form an interesting panoramic view of that section of the city of Jacksonville, Fla., which was devastated by a fire in May, 1901. The pictures were taken from some high point of view, and give an interesting idea of the topography of the city, and for studies of this kind are more than commonly good, and illustrate the value of photography in work of a topographical nature.

Max Abel, who has before submitted work on Sligo Creek, is not as well represented this week as in former efforts. His view, "Sligo Creek," has included a vast amount of interesting matter, with no one portion prominent enough to be of particular interest. A small bridge in the distance on which a girl is standing, is out of place and lost among the large number of other facts collected in this picture.

"Isaak Walton, Jr."

"Isaak Walton, Jr." is the title selected by C. M. Hart to carry a small picture, which has unwisely been printed in a circle. The name suggests the presence of a fisherman, a suggestion which does not seem to be carried out by the picture. Photographically the work is very good, but there seems to be a lack of harmony between the picture and the title. Louise Richardson sends a small picture, entitled "Viewing the Liberty Bell." The picture shows a long line of people patiently waiting for an opportunity to move along, but the object for which they are waiting is not presented in the picture. This is another instance of a lack of relationship between the picture and the title.

"Water Lilies and Weeping Willows" is the subject chosen by H. H. Hulbert for his contribution. The picture suffers from the customary faults of an underdeveloped negative, and while no doubt this subject in the natural colors would be pleasing, in monochrome it seems somewhat dreary and lacking in interest. We fail to catch the beauty of the flowers, or the individuality of the foliage in the view.

Lincoln Park.

"Lincoln Park," by A. E. Schaal, is an illustration of the peculiar lines which sometimes occur in a composition, and which seem to be hidden until the print has been made. The lines in this picture so strongly resemble the formation of the letter W that the composition is damaged by the repetition of similar lines on opposite sides of the print. In attempting this work too much has been included in the view. If a picture of the Emancipation Statue had been attempted the result would have been more attractive, as there would have been some one thing of prominent interest brought to attention. There are many beautiful pictures in Lincoln Park, but to attempt to introduce them all in one picture is an attempt to see too much, and our range of vision is not great enough to see and appreciate all of the beauties of Lincoln Park, as an entirety.

"Nature's Own Course," is the unique title of a picture by John Schellier, and the photograph is fully as unique as the title. A diagonal line separates the picture into two parts. One part—the upper—contains nearly all the shadow, while the lower part contains nearly all of the high lights. The arrangement is unfortunate, and the selection of a subject does not show any great natural beauty worthy of an attempt to make from this unattractive spot a picture of any great charm.

Close to the Contest.

This contest closes the series for this season. As a whole, the result is highly satisfactory. Many have availed themselves of the opportunity to present their work for the judgment of disinterested persons, and so far as known, the awards of the judges have met with the approval of the exhibitors.

Interest in amateur photography, and in the beauty of the city and its suburbs, has been awakened and stimulated, and better work of this class may be depended upon when a competition of this kind is again announced.

THE ROYAL BROTHERHOOD OF HOTEL PORTERS

THE anti-tipping league has at length a rival. The hotel porters of the country have formed an association so dark, so secret, that the outsider may not even call it by its true name. It includes all the porters of the United States, and it is rumored that an attempt is being made to affiliate with the European organizations. New members are required to bind themselves by mighty oaths, to swear by their great-grandfather's hair trunk, and the rites are held in the darkest and dampest cellars the hotel can furnish. So, do not tarry, stranger, if you hear a mournful groan arise from the grid on the pavement in front of our great hotels, but rather hurry on the faster, lest you be witness to the dread ceremonial of the association.

The advantages of the association are many and valuable. New brethren are shown how to handle a trunk as it should be handled; how to swing a Saratoga up to the shoulder as if it were a mere feather, and the scientific "smashing" of baggage is taught at length. The grand keeper of the grand, sacred hotel trunk chest is a Washington man, and is held a master baggage "smasher," and is known to throw a suit case into a

wagon, with his peculiar twist, saying, "That'll only hold together as far as St. Louis, even if it is booked for 'Prisco, I never fail.'"

The association has declared all anti-tippers anathema, and calls upon all true hotel porters to so harass, badger, and discommode them that they may be right speedily weaned from their unwholesome folly.

A system of wireless telegraphy has been devised by the association by means of which the opinion of a visitor in the matter of tips may be communicated to any brother at any distance. The best part of the scheme is that the guest himself must carry the information wherever he goes, thus unwittingly acting as a messenger boy for the association. The medium of communication is the hotel label pasted on every visitor's baggage. The code is formed by varying the angle at which the label is placed. In one position the label means that the guest is worth cultivating; in another that he may be relied upon for liberal acknowledgment of services anyhow; in another that attention bestowed on him is thrown away. The wily tourist, therefore, will watch the angle at which the liberal tipper's labels are pasted, and see that his are at the same.

There is an old negro porter who has

been at a Washington hotel since the days when planters in white linen suits and Panama hats used to stop there. He is not a member of the association, but he is very popular with everybody. A Southern dandy, he has a touch of the old-fashioned and childlike trust in the white man. It is a shame that he should have neglected his opportunity to become a modern negro, and yet strange as it may seem, he is well liked by every guest who comes to the hotel. He is a firm believer in the happiness of the ante-bellum days, and memories of that period are always at his tongue's end.

The other night there happened to be a particularly beautiful moon, and a gentleman was standing on the hotel porch, smoking his cigar and enjoying the view. That peculiar "softness" of the light was very noticeable; the trees and the great buildings about looked strange and unreal. The old dandy porter was sitting on the bottom step, crooning to himself, when the gentleman said: "This is a beautiful night, uncle. One of those you read about in books." "Yas, sah; yas, sah. Hit suttinly is," he replied, taking off his cap to wipe his forehead. Then, turning half round and looking up at the guest, he said: "But you oughter 'un seem un befo' de wah, sah; befo' de wah. Ah!"

FATE AS POLICEMAN.

He lifts his hand, and o'er the bust-ling scene
There steals a momentary rest. The blood
Doth cease to flow through busy arteries.
Anon he waves resumption, and there flows
Once more the earnest, nervous, pulsing stream
Pumped by the heart of Commerce through the veins
That show on limbs of body politic.
E'en so does Fate arrest our wild careers;
Calls "Halt!" on reckless drivers of the soul;
Puts fear into the heart of inclination
That show on limbs of body politic.
Gives check to fierce Ambition; grasps the mane
Of wild, unbridled License; stills the strife,
And then, with smooth, unruffled men, allows
Life's stream to flow with unimpeded calm.

—Griff Alexander.

OLD MAN'S GAME THAT IS BECOMING POPULAR

NOW that the summer has come again the game of roque has been revived and shows signs of becoming more popular than it was in years gone by. Washington's four roque courts are thronged every evening with players and lookers-on. Croquet is the parent of this game both in name and in the way it is played. Take away from the word "croquet" the first and last letters and the word "roque" remains. "In like manner," says the roque enthusiast, "take away from croquet its foolishness and inaccuracies and roque is the result."

In its way roque is as scientific as billiards though it is played with the same rules as ordinary croquet. A ball is driven through ten wickets and is made to strike a post at either end of the court just as in croquet. But here the similarity ends. The roque court instead of being a comparatively level piece of sward is a big box of sand 72 by 36 feet, packed until the surface is as hard and smooth as a billiard table. The boards that inclose the court are covered with thick rubber padding so that the balls may carom. This gives abundant oppor-

tunity for scientific shots. The balls are made of solid rubber; the wickets are a foot high and only a quarter of an inch wider than the balls; the mallets are made of fine woods—rosewood, boxwood, lignum vitae or amaranth, the heads are sheathed with rubber and bound with brass. In short, roque is the perfection of croquet.

Roque seems to be more popular with old men than any others, though there is no reason why it should not appeal to the younger people. It often takes a good roque player fifty shots to make the circle of the court. The frequent swaying from the hips, the free swing of the mallet, and the distance which the player has to walk about the court account for its popularity with the older men. It is better sport than billiards, for it is played in the open air and sunlight, and the old men like it better than golf, for there is a comfortable bench ready to receive them after their play is made. Then, too, the exercise is gentle, not putting excessive strain on the heart or muscles; it makes a man sleep deep and long, just as a child does.

Josiah Neely, of Philadelphia, was eighty-three years old on his last birthday, but he is an enthusiastic roque

player and does not know what it is to miss a game on a clear day. He often plays for hours at a time, and it is said that there are not more than a dozen men in the country who can get the best of him at his favorite sport. He says: "There is nothing like roque for men of sixty years or over."

One of the best players in America is Thomas A. Harris, president of the Quaker City Roque Club. He is over seventy, and is credited with having made the most remarkable shot in the history of the game.

There is a national roque association, consisting of twenty clubs—the Columbia, the Twelfth Street, the Capitol Hill, and the Hutchinson, of Washington; the Ontario, Cal.; the Trenton, N. J.; the Highland, Lynn, Mass.; the Battleboro, Vt.; the Bridgeport, Conn.; the Mansfield, Mass.; the West Chester, Pa.; the Northampton, Mass.; the Wilmington, Del.; the Onarog, Ill.; the Martha's Vineyard, Mass.; the New London, Mass.; the Springfield, Mass.; the Naugatuck, Conn.; the Norwich, Conn.; and the Quaker City, of Philadelphia.

The annual tournament of the association will be held at Norwich, Conn., August 19, and each of the twenty clubs will take part. The tournament will last five days.